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Such men as Charlie Murphy, Roger Sullivan and Tom Taggart makes the democratic party almost as bad as the republican.

It is reported that Emperor William has said he could have peace when he wanted it. Very likely, but not the kind of peace that he wants.

The Star is glad to see that its editorial page is read with such close attention in the Miami Herald office. We can assure the Herald that the interest is reciprocated.

The Star congratulates President Wilson in appointing a trained diplomat like Lansing to be secretary of state instead of giving the position to some politician.

The antics of a few hundred hoodlums in Atlanta Monday night have gone a long way toward confirming the erroneous belief of the outside world that Frank's trial was a legal lynching.

In Dr. E. Van Hood's office stands a somewhat rusty but perfectly good Mauser rifle. The doctor brought it back as a souvenir from Cuba, where it was used against the American army that set the island free. It was made in Germany.

The Tampa Times proposes that the Florida newspapers support for the legislature next year only such men as will promise to put a liberal law on the statute books. A good motion. The Star seconds it. We have noticed that men who are fair to newspapers are generally fair to everybody.

Germany, it is true, has fought magnificently, but she was admittedly prepared and trained for the war for many years. To our mind the greenest laurels should go to gallant France.—Columbia State.

Again the State and the Star agree.

Tampa motion picture operator was electrocuted yesterday. He was eating a pie and a currant went through him.—Tampa Tribune.

Up this way, the victim was a lady, and she had been eating fruitcake. The gag originated in 1883, before motion pictures were dreamed of.

The Star understands that quite a bunch of Florida saloons intend to test the constitutionality of the Davis law. They had better confine the test to one. There were some good lawyers among the men who drew up the measure, and if the courts uphold it, the saloon men will have a big bill to pay.

British soldiers at the Dardanelles send home stories testifying to the chivalry and humanity of their Turkish opponents. It is certain that the Turks are brave, else they could not have held so large a place in the history of the world. As for the awful stories told about them, Christians are so proficient in lying about each other that it is a safe bet they have not been scrupulously truthful about the Turks.

David Lloyd George, British minister of munitions, has introduced into parliament a measure which if it becomes a law will enable him to conscript workmen and command them with military discipline. It doesn't speak well for the British that such a law is necessary. German workmen are serving their country voluntarily and cheerfully. Germans may be mistaken, but the way they are rallying to the support of their country is the most magnificent thing of the sort ever seen.

H. G. Wells, the noted English author, argues that a method for ending the war would be for the allies to build and send a tremendous fleet of aeroplanes to the rear of the German lines and destroy all the German ammunition factories. He contends that it would be cheaper to launch 2,000 aeroplanes against Germany than to risk one battleship. This is such a simple and easy little plan that it is a wonder nobody thought of it before.

The Star stands on the present senatorial question right where it stood on the last one. All the candidates are good men, but all other things being equal it is best to follow democratic usage and give the present incumbent another term. He is in ability and character at least the equal of any of the others, and he has the experience all the others lack. It is to the advantage of the voters to keep him in his place.

A dispatch from Tallahassee to the Jacksonville Metropolis says: "The

allegation that the Davis package law passed by the recent legislature to curb the saloon business was unconstitutional because it was improperly passed by the Senate, Governor Trammell declares is an error. The Senate journal of the day on which the bill passed the Senate failed to show that the necessary waiver of the rules had been made on third reading. Governor Trammell says the journal was corrected later on and that the rules were waived as is made mandatory by the constitution."

ARTHUR C. COBB, SECRETARY MARION FAIR ASSOCIATION

The time is rapidly approaching for our county to begin preparations for its eighth annual fair, and it is with a great deal of pleasure that the Star calls special attention to every citizen of Marion county that the fair association has in the selection of Mr. A. C. Cobb as secretary, settled a very perplexing question. Everybody knows Cobb; a more genial, big-hearted man does not live.

The Star joins hands with every loyal Marion county citizen to boost, yes "BOOST" from this minutes until the fair is over. Let us forget the war, and think of the many good things that can be shown in friendly competition among our good people at our next fair. Let us get right behind Cobb and the fair, and make it break all records. We can do it if we try.

We are about to build three battleships still larger than the Arizona, so it is evident that, in case of a war, the United States will be well provided with victims for submarines. A little thing about the size of a tug boat and costing about one-tenth as much as a battleship will be able to feed the fish with the men on the Arizona. But the vessel looks fine and the captain who will be selected to command her will be very proud of her.—Times-Union.

The same amount of money invested in submarines would make our coasts almost safe from the approach of any hostile fleet.

"Bloxxham county" is not able to support a paper—at least, it never has—but "Dixie" seems to have become its organ. The last issue of "Dixie" contains a third of a page article boosting the new county. The article is probably an advertisement, as we have seen nearly all of it in a circular. If it is paid matter, its publication is contrary to law, as it has no advertising marks. Whether it is an advertisement or not, the man who wrote it should be ashamed of himself as a large proportion of it is untrue.

The Ocala Star is vigorously denouncing the killing of a negro in Marion county who had apparently been shot to death by a deputy sheriff merely because he was trying to get away from a crap game in a shanty car in which he was engaged with a bunch of other negro railroad laborers when the car was raided by three deputies. Shooting under such circumstances was an immeasurably greater crime than the harmless crap shooting in which the negro was engaged, and it is such "administration of the law" as that puts murderous resentment against the injustice into the hearts of negroes, and so far from suppressing crime, distinctly increases it wherever such practice is employed. "One law for the white man and another for the nigger" as the saying goes, is the responsible cause for a prodigious mass of negro criminality in the South.—Lakeland Telegram.

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This office is installing a new press and will dispose of its Potter cylinder press at a bargain. The press is in excellent working order and it is the press on which all of our book, circular and pamphlet work is being done. Price, \$250, loaded on car at Ocala. Delivery must be made when new press is installed, sometime between July 1st and 10th. If interested communicate with us at once. You will not again have such a bargain offered. d&w The Star, Ocala.

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NEBUCHADNEZZAR AND THE GREAT WHITE BEAR

Or What Will Come to Pass in the Latter Days

VIII.

In the previous writing in regard to what shall come to pass in the latter days it was shown that at some future time there will be a kingdom of divine rule that will be a blessing to the nations, who remain after all wars have ended.

Then there will be a peaceful reign and all nations blessed in Abraham's seed who is none other than the Lord Jesus and those who are rulers with him over the nations, with the twelve apostles judging the twelve tribes of Israel in Jerusalem, the city of the great king. The Lord after he ascended to the Heavenly Father, appeared to Paul while on his way to Damascus to prosecute the followers of Christ, and caused him to embrace the truth and go preach the Gospel of Christ to the Gentiles.

The incident is recorded in Acts 9th chapter and is very interesting to read.

Paul preached the same gospel that the Lord proclaimed, and in writing to the Romans he said, "For I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ; for it is the power of God unto salvation, to every one that believeth; to the Jew first, and also to the Gentile."

And all thru Paul's ministry we find him teaching the people to live a good life, believe the gospel and be baptized into the faith that will constitute them heirs of the kingdom and the seed of Abraham as we find written in Gal. 3:8. Paul declares the gospel was preached to Abraham, and in verse 16, he told them the promise was not to all of Abraham's seed but to one that was Christ.

So by this promise Paul said they were constituted heirs of the world as it is written in Rom. 4:13.

And in the days of Christ's ministry on earth, in his sermon on the Mount he said, "Blessed are the meek for they shall inherit the earth."—Mat. 5:5.

And Paul in writing to the Colossians, as we find in 3:4 saying:

"When Christ, who is our life shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory."

Jesus taught the same gospel as found written in John 5:25: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, the hour is coming and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God; and they that hear shall live," reading from verse 25

Also in the 11th chapter of John, reading from the 25th verse: "Jesus said unto Martha, I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

This gospel was also believed in the days of Job as we find him asking a question in the 14th chapter, in verse 14:15, and it concerns every man who has a desire for eternal life.

"If man die, shall he live again? All the days of my appointment time will I wait, till my charge come."

"Thou shalt call, and I will answer thee: thou wilt have a desire to the work of thy hands."

And Job tells us in chapter 19, reading from verse 25, when he looked for that change from the death state to be resurrected to die no more, when his redeemer shall receive him in his glory, and these are Job's words:

"For I know that my redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth."

"And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God."

"Whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another; though my veins be consumed within me."

So we find the gospel of Christ, the same that Paul taught, and the testimony of Job agrees with them, also it was God's promise to the Fathers, which Paul said was his hope as we find written in Acts 26:6, 7, 8: "And now I stand and am judged for the hope of the promise made of God unto our fathers: unto which promise our twelve tribes instantly serving God day and night, hope to come. For which hope sake, King Agrippa, I am accused of the Jews."

"Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you, that God should raise the dead?"

We can plainly see by these passages that in the days of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob that God made certain promises which was Paul's hope. In looking at Gen. 12 we find the Lord called Abraham from the land of his fathers, into a land that was shown him, and he was given this promise in verse 2:

"And I will make of thee a great nation, and I will bless thee, and make thy name great; and thou shalt be a blessing."

"And I will bless them that bless thee."

(Continued on Last Page)

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UNDERTAKING OFFICE 45

"Runaway June"

(Continued from Yesterday)

"You will get in trouble once in awhile, won't you, Betty?" laughed the man.

She looked at him reproachfully.

"You know why."

"Yes." He nodded sympathetically and, patting the hand which lay on the edge of the desk, picked up the photograph. "The babies, Betty, you're a wonder. What man's business could stand such interruptions?"

She smiled fondly at the photograph and then at him, then from her desk drew a small blank book. She turned to a page headed "Bills Payable." There were only two entries, and now she made a third. The dates of all three were about two years apart.

"That setback in my business was Harry." And with the tip of her pencil she touched the oldest child in the photograph. "And this one was Betsy. Today's note is the baby. It has taken me a year to catch up every time."

"No business can do without the boss," agreed the man. "That applies to everything, Betty. You look busy here."

"Oh, I forgot to tell you!" she laughed. She picked up the two documents which Edward Jones had insisted on leaving for her consideration. Her husband read them gravely and passed them back.

"Flattering," he smiled.

"Isn't it?" Her eyes brightened. They had seemed rather tired. "Of course the consolidation's absurd, but Jones would pay me a good price for an outright sale." And she pointed to the blue left blank.

"I'll pay you a better, Betty."

"The reason I wouldn't sell to either of you is that I want to keep the business. I'm proud of it."

"All right." He shook hands with her. "A bargain's a bargain."

A boy came in. She had rung for him as soon as she had the check. She endorsed it now and put it in her bank book and gave it to the boy.

"The nurse is outside with the children," the boy reported as he turned to go.

"That's so." Her brow contracted as she looked at her memorandum pad. "I gave Mary an appointment. Harry was to go to the doctor."

"Harry!" The man was instantly concerned. "Is there anything the matter with Harry?"

"He's so nervous."

The nurse came in, carrying the baby and leading a beautiful curly haired little girl, whose face was smeared with chocolate candy. The boy, a fine, hearty little fellow, came stomping in and grinned pleasantly at his father and mother, standing with his sturdy legs outstretched and his fists jammed in his pockets.

"What did the doctor say?" asked Mrs. Sawyer anxiously, and the father leaned forward to listen.

"There's nothing the matter with him," reported the nurse, with a tone of her head and she glared vindictively at the boy. She was a person with wispy hair, an upturned nose and small gray eyes and thin lips, and the lips had a sharp downward droop at the corners. "The doctor says it's temper."

"Temper!" Mrs. Sawyer half raised in her seat, and her eyes flashed with indignation, but the father laughed.

"That's a matter of training," he observed.

"Harry, come away from there, dear!" called the mother.

"Aw, go on!" grinned the boy.

"Harry!" The boy grinned engagingly.

"Harry!" The nurse's voice. It rasped like a saw file, and every one, even the quiet little figure over near the window, winced. "Didn't you hear your father and mother tell you to come away from there?" she screamed, and the boy kicked at her, his face turning scarlet, his lips pointing in an ugly square, his brows lowering viciously.

The curly haired little girl rose out of the corner, where she had been contentedly playing with a discarded typewriter ribbon, and, toddling over to the nurse, kicked at her with all her small might; then, her duty performed, she toddled back to her corner.

"Mary," expostulated Mrs. Sawyer in distress, "you should not jerk the child that way. It only enrages him."

"He won't mind any other way, Mrs. Sawyer," retorted the nurse, her eyes flashing angrily. "You never see the children or you'd know how bad they are!"

"Retar?" "Retar?"

The little girl looked up at her father with a radiant smile, but as he rushed toward her she scrambled to her feet and ran, holding something behind her back. It was an ink bottle. He took it from her, and she screamed with all the strength of her lungs. The angelic looking mite was a sight to behold. Her face was sticky with brown chocolate candy, the purple stains from the typewriter ribbon were all over her white dress, and the blue ink was on her hands. She sneered some of it on her face and in her curly hair as she cried.

"My, oh, my!" half moaned Mrs. Sawyer. "Why is it that child is always so messy?"

"Dirt just comes natural to her, Mrs. Sawyer," confidently explained the nurse. "Harree!" Her teeth gleamed, and she made a dash for the boy.

He was swinging on the letterpress again, and the water pan was tilting. He jumped to elude her, and the water spilled over a pile of mortgage blanks.

"You little demon!" screamed the nurse and made a clutch for him. Almost he escaped, but she caught him by the collar and shook him.

"D—n it, go to blazes!" yelled the boy in a perfect fury of temper.

There was a dead silence, in which Mrs. Sawyer felt the blood slowly leaving her face. Her husband was shocked into numbness. The quiet little figure in the corner near the window scarcely breathed.

Elizabeth Sawyer suddenly buried her face upon her arms and sobbed, but she raised her head in an instant. With a pale, set face she walked over and took the baby in her arms.

"Mary, you're discharged," she said. Sawyer had ordered the boy to him very thoughtfully, but now he thrust his hand in his pocket and produced

some money. He counted out some of it and gave it to the nurse.

"You needn't blame me!" flared the nurse. "I didn't teach him to say those things. The boy has a nasty temper. The doctor said so."

"That will do, Mary," said Mrs. Sawyer quietly. "You may go." She stood motionless until the nurse walked out. "Will you hold the baby, Harry?"

"I'll bet you. Come here, Buster." And he gazed down fondly not at the baby, but into the eyes of his wife, as he took the tiny burden.

She smiled up at him. There were tears trembling on her lashes. She caught up the curly headed little girl, took her over to the washbasin in the corner and vigorously scrubbed that chocolate begrimed countenance and kissed it; then she stooped down by the boy and put her arms around him.

"Mother doesn't want you to say naughty words like that." And there was heartbreak in her tones. A tear dropped on the boy's upturned face. He snuggled his head on her shoulder, and a chubby arm stole about her neck.

Elizabeth Sawyer was half laughing and half crying as she sat at the desk with the curly haired little girl on her lap and the boy leaning against her. She took up the telephone.

"Edward Jones, please."

"Betty!" There was such a ring in the voice as neither the man nor the woman had heard for years.

She held up her hand to him. Her lips were twitching, and her eyes were swimming, but she could not speak. She spoke clearly, however, when a tap of the telephone bell announced her call.

"This is Elizabeth Sawyer, Mr. Jones. I've been looking over your proposition of purchase. A moment of silence. She turned her eyes upon her husband. There was a new softness in them. "I might be tempted if you made the price high enough." Another silence.

"Now, Mr. Jones, you'll have to come higher than that. Make me your very best offer. Her face suddenly glowed. "I'll take it. I'll fill in the contract, sign it, and you may give the check to my secretary. I'll send it over immediately."

Her husband's arm was about her as she filled in the amount which had been agreed upon and signed it. In Harry Sawyer's other arm was the baby. The four members of the Sawyer family were clustered in an unusually small space for them. The husband witnessed the agreement with great joy. Mrs. Sawyer's secretary signed it with her notarial seal and went away.

"Betty!" The man's face was against her cheek. "Sweetheart!"

She kissed him and rose briskly. She took the toddlers each by a hand.

"Harry, dear, let's go to the house and start a home!"

(Continued on Third Page)

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